The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Once upon a time, in a forest far, far away, there lived a tiny elf named Puck. Puck was different from the other elves in the forest. While they spent their days tending to flowers and trees, Puck was fascinated with the mushrooms that grew in the dark and damp corners of the woods. Puck believed that mushrooms were the elf of plants, the magical creatures that could appear and disappear in the blink of an eye. He spent his days studying them, learning everything he could about their habits and behaviours. One day, while exploring the forest, Puck stumbled upon a strange mushroom. It was unlike any he had ever seen before, with a cap the colour of golden sunlight and a stem as white as snow. As Puck approached the mushroom, it suddenly vanished into thin air. Puck was amazed. He had heard rumours of a mushroom that could disappear and reappear at will, but he had never seen one with his own eyes. From that day forward, Puck was determined to find the elusive mushroom again. Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, but Puck never gave up his search. He spent his days wandering the forest, searching for the mushroom that had captured his heart. Finally, one warm summer evening, Puck stumbled upon the mushroom once more. It had stopped upon a spot, as if it had been waiting for him. Puck approached the mushroom slowly, afraid that it might vanish again. But this time, the mushroom stayed put. Puck reached out and touched the mushroom's cap, and it was as if he had touched magic itself. The mushroom was so ephemeral, so delicate, that Puck was afraid it might break if he handled it too roughly. Puck spent the rest of the night sitting beside the mushroom, watching it as it glowed in the moonlight. It was a surreptitious scion of summer's circumspect, he thought, a tiny piece of magic that had been hiding in plain sight all along. As the sun began to rise, Puck knew that it was time to say goodbye to the mushroom. He knew that it would be fleeting, like a bubble, and that he might never see it again. But he was grateful for the brief time he had spent with it, and he knew that the memory of the mushroom would stay with him forever. And so, Puck left the mushroom behind, but he knew that he would always carry a piece of it with him. For in that magical moment, Puck had learned that even the smallest and most insignificant things in life could be filled with wonder and magic. And he knew that he would spend the rest of his days searching for that same sense of wonder in everything he encountered.

By Donald Jay.